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THE THREE VOICES:

THE

SOLDIER, FARMER, AND POET,

TO THE COPPERHEADS.

THE PATRIOT FARMER'S DEFIANCE TO TRAITORS.

On the last day of the Illinois Legislature, in February, 1863, Mr. Funk, a Senator from McLean county, delivered a speech, which is thus described and reported by the Springfield correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune:*

A great sensation was created by a speech by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers in the State, a man who pays over three thousand dollars per annum taxes towards the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions, which had been introduced by the Democrats to kill time and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the State Government. He said:

Mr. Speaker, I can sit in my seat no longer and see such by-play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are traitors and secessionists at heart.

I say that there are traitors and secessionists at heart in this

Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up to denounce the war and the Administration, prove it.

I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible, myself, for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause from the galleries.]

I am an old man of sixty-five; I came to Illinois a poor boy; I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay three thousand dollars a year in taxes. I am willing to pay six thousand, aye, twelve thousand, [great cheering, the old gentleman striking the desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the inkstand to fly in the air,] aye, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life, to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous applause, which the Speaker could not control.]

Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me; I could not sit longer in my seat and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yes, these traitors and villains in this Senate [striking his clenched fist on the desk with a blow that made the Senate ring again] are killing my neighbors' boys now fighting in the field. I dare to say this to these traitors right here, and I am responsible for what I say to any one or all of them. [Cheers.] Let them come on now, right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. [Mr. Funk's seat is near the lobby railing, and a crowd collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary. The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash and many a countenance grow radiant with the light of defiance.]

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These men sneered at Colonel Mack a few days since.* He is a small man, but I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them in place of Colonel Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now and at any time. [Cheers from the galleries.]

Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve hanging, I say, [raising his voice, and violently striking the desk;] the country would be the better of swinging them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here to their traitorous faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason I must rejoice at it. [Tremendous cheering.]

Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in this Senate who are not traitors, but true loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for secessionists at heart. They are here in this Senate. I see them gibe, and smirk, and grin at the true Union men. Must I defy them? I stand here ready for them, and dare them to come on. [Great cheering.] What man, with the heart of a patriot, could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no more. [Cheers.] I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men that disgrace this Legislature, this State, and this country. For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures; I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath; and I am ready to meet the traitors themselves, here or any where, and fight them to the death. [Prolonged cheers and shouts.]

I said I paid three thousand dollars a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty, yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege, to do it. But some of these traitors here, who are working night and day to put their miserable little bills and

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* Hon. A. W. Mack delivered a powerful speech in the Senate of Illinois, on the thirteenth of February, in opposition to the Armistice Resolutions of the "Copperheads."

claims through the Legislature, to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way, who do not pay five dollars, to the support of the Government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors. [Cheers.]

The reason they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is, that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want to embarrass the Government and stop the war. They want to aid the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about high taxes! They are picayune men, any how, and pay no taxes at all, and never did, and never hope or expect to. This is an excuse of traitors. [Cheers.]

Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country, in this her hour of danger, from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. That is the reason I speak as I do. I can not help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true loyal people, think of them. [Tremendous cheering. The Speaker rapped upon his desk, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheek and flashing eye that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman.]

Mr. Speaker, I have said my say. I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made, and I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their hellish schemes to destroy the Union. They have my sentiments; let them, one and all, make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon. [Tremendous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down, after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

I never before witnessed so much excitement in an assembly. Mr. Funk spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and pathos which wrought up the galleries, and even members on the floor, to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the

stores that surround the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the Republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him. The Democrats said nothing, but evidently felt the castigation they were receiving most keenly, as might be seen from their blanched cheeks and restless and uneasy glances.

THE

PATRIOT SOLDIER AND HERO.

GENERAL ROSECRANS TO THE LEGISLATURES OF OHIO AND INDIANA.

On Tuesday last, in the Ohio Legislature, a message was received from the Governor, enclosing the following letter from General Rosecrans:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMANT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., Feb. 3d, 1863.

To the Honorable the General Assembly of the State of Ohio:

The resolution of thanks passed by your honorable body to the army of the Cumberland, its Commanding General and his staff, has been duly received and published to the troops of his command. On behalf of all, I return you heartfelt thanks.

This is, indeed, a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws—nay, for national existence—against those who have despised our honest friendship, deceived our just hopes, and driven us to defend our country and our homes. By foul and wilful slanders on our motives and intentions, persistently repeated, they have arrayed against us our own fellow citizens, bound to us by the triple ties of consanguinity, geographical position, and commercial interest.

Let no man among us be base enough to forget this, or fool enough to trust an oligarchy of traitors to their friends, to civil liberty and human freedom. Voluntary exiles from home and friends, for the defence and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle peace shall again spread her wings over our land; but we know no such blessing is possible while the unjust and

arbitrary power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us. Crafty as the fox, cruel as the tiger, they cried "no coercion" while preparing to strike us. Bully like, they proposed to fight us, because they said they could whip five to one, and now, when driven back, they whine out "no invasion," and promise us of the West permission to navigate the Mississippi, if we will be "good boys" and do as they bid us.

Whenever they have the power, they drive before them into their ranks the Southern people, and they would also drive us. Trust them not. Were they able, they would invade and destroy us without mercy. Absolutely assured of these things, I am amazed that any one could think of "peace on any terms." He who entertains the sentiment is fit only to be a slave; he who utters it at this time is, moreover, a traitor to his country, who deserves the scorn and contempt of all honorable men. When the power of the unscrupulous rebel leaders is removed, and the people are free to consider and act for their own interests, which are common with ours, under this Government, there will be no great difficulty in fraternization. Between our tastes and social life there are fewer differences than between those of the people of the northern and southern provinces of England or Ireland.

Hoping the time may speedily come when, the power of the perfidious and cruel tyrant of this rebellion having been overthrown, a peace may be laid on the broad foundation of national unity and equal justice to all, under the Constitution and Laws, I remain your fellow-citizen,

W. S. Rosecrans,
Major-General.

In response to resolutions of thanks from the Indiana Legislature, General Rosecrans has written the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO, TENN., February 18, 1863.

Gentlemen,—In the name of the officers and soldiers of the army of the Cumberland, I thank you for the resolutions of congratulation, approval and condolence you have sent us on account of the battle of Stone's River.

At the call of constitutional liberty, the brave and true men of the West laid aside peaceful pursuits, left their homes and sought to qualify themselves to fight for a government that had cost the blood and treasures of two great wars and eighty years of time to establish.

For twenty weary months this army has stood guard to keep the confederate wolf from your doors. They know what hunger, cold, weary marches, and painful watchings it has cost to preserve our homes from invasion, and our friends and neighbors from conscription; it is, therefore, doubly a pleasure to hear these free and cheering words now from home.

The unscrupulous despots in our front call us "Lincoln hirelings," and we hear that this calumny has lately been repeated at home by some of the men whose property and persons have been kept safe, by our toil and blood, from the ruthless hands of Kirby Smith, Bragg and Morgan. Presuming on our absence, these men talk as if we were not citizens, and speak mockingly of our patriotism. They stab in the back the most generous, true-hearted men in the country, while standing guard in front of their doors, and they prolong the war by encouraging the rebels to hope for divided counsels at our homes.

I speak the conviction of the officers and men of this army, when I say we fight to secure equal rights to all, under the Constitution and the laws—we fight in defence of our homes and hearths, sure to be invaded, if the rebel despots who began the war can get the power. But we long for peace—we pray for peace, and we fight for peace—not for a dishonorable peace—not for a hollow truce. We have once been deceived by the cry of "No coercion," and of "State rights," and have seen how the rebel leaders practise in East

Tennessee, Missouri, Western Virginia, and Kentucky. We have met the masses of the South, and are witnesses of the falsehood, calumny, and perfidy by which they have been led to wage war against us. We have seen flags of truce violated, hospitals, ambulances, and boats, bearing flags, fired upon, and our sick and wounded stripped of their blankets and robbed of their food and medicines—we have been approached in battle by rebels wearing our uniforms and carrying our colors.

After witnessing the wholesale slander of us, their perfidy and treachery toward the masses of their own people, and the unfair and dishonorable means to which they resort to gain an advantage, we have been forced to the immovable but sad conviction that the LEADERS of this rebellion are *perfidious*, *treacherous*, *unscrupulous*, and cruel—their leaders never will nor can be peaceable, or true friends and neighbors. And that, as Mr. Davis has said, they only want the power, not the will, to invade and subjugate us.

We should rejoice to see the power of these leaders fall by the hand of their own people, whom they oppress; that people for whose rights we fight, in common with our own; but unless it does thus fall, we must destroy it, or it will destroy our nation, and our children will pass under the yoke of a military despotism raised on the sable foundation of negro slavery, and the more degrading servitude of the "poor whites," such as now overshadows the South. I say, "our children will pass under the yoke," for that could only happen after the brave and true men of the country—her citizen-soldiers—shall have perished, or, deserted by the wretches whose homes they have hitherto protected, heart-broken and despairing, shall quit the field and give to slavery and to its domination all those who love *money* more than *honor*, and *peace* more than *freedom*.

The issue is a plain one. If we who battle for national existence are not to be sustained by our own friends at home, the sooner we know it the better. We do not wish to be deceived as to our position, nor fall victims to the treachery, cowardice, or selfishness of those whom we have loved and trusted.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major General.

To the Honorable the Legislative Assembly of the State of Indiana.

Another letter from General Rosecrans:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO, February 17, 1863.

My Dear Sir,—Your letter on behalf of the Committee, inviting me to participate at Nashville in the celebration of the one hundred and thirty-first birth-day of Washington, the Father of his Country and the friend of constitutional liberty, has been received.

Most gladly would I join you if duties did not prevent.

I speak the heartfelt convictions of this army when I say that the necessity of preserving the Constitution, framed and established by Washington and his contemporaries, brought us from our homes; the conviction that we fight for the rights of all, against anarchy or remorseless tyranny, has put arms in our hands, hitherto exercised only in peaceful labors; retains us in the field, and will retain us there until constitutional liberty and national unity shall be secured, or we, with our once glorious country—the land of Washington—live only in the memory of the unhappy survivors of the wreck of the fairest fabric ever reared to freedom by the hand of man.

The success of the rebellion would be the triumph of arbitrary and unscrupulous despotism over liberty, reason and justice. Its downfall is demanded by the common interests and future hopes of the whole American people.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

To ABRAM MYERS, Esq., Chairman of Committee of Councils.

THE PATRIOT POET AND THE PATRIOT'S OATH.

At a recent Union celebration in Cincinnati, T. Buchanan Read, Esq., recited his beautiful poem entitled "The Oath:"

THE OATH.

Hamlet—Swear on my sword.
Ghost (below)—*Swear!*—Shakspeare.

Ye freemen, how long will ye stifle
  The vengeance that justice inspires?
With treason how long will ye trifle
  And shame the proud name of your sires?
Out, out with the sword and the rifle
  In defence of your homes and your fires.
The flag of the old revolution
  Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
That no treasonous breath of pollution
  Shall tarnish one star on its fold.
Swear!
And hark, the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying,
"*Swear, oh! swear.*"

In this moment who hesitates, barters
  The rights which his forefathers won,
He forfeits all claims to the charters
  Transmitted from sire to son.
Kneel, kneel at the graves of our martyrs
  And swear on your sword and your gun:
Lay up your great oath on an altar
  As huge and as strong as Stonehenge,
And then with sword, fire, and halter,
  Sweep down to the field of revenge,
Swear!
And hark, the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying,
"*Swear, oh! swear.*"

By the tombs of your sires and brothers,
  The host which the traitors have slain,
By the tears of your sisters and mothers,
  In secret concealing their pain,
The grief which the heroine smothers,
  Consuming the heart and the brain—
By the sigh of the penniless widow,
  By the sob of her orphan's despair,
Where they sit in their sorrowful shadow,
  Kneel, kneel, every freeman and swear:
    Swear!
And hark, the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying,
    "*Swear, oh! swear.*"

On mounds which are wet with the weeping
  Where a Nation has bowed to the sod,
Where the noblest of martyrs are sleeping
  Let the winds bear your vengeance abroad;
And your firm oaths be held in the keeping
  Of your patriot hearts and your God.
Over Ellsworth, for whom the first tear rose,
  While to Baker and Lyon you look—
By Winthrop, a star among heroes,
  By the blood of our murdered McCook,
    Swear!
And hark, the deep voices replying
From the graves where your fathers are lying,
    "*Swear, oh! swear.*"

Loyal Leagues, Clubs, or individuals may obtain any of our Publications at the cost price, by application to the Executive Committee, or by calling at the Rooms of the Society, No. 863 Broadway, where all information may be obtained relating to the Society.